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"Long may it wave o'er the
Land of the Free and the Home
of the Brave."

MORE DEPOT ARGUMENTS

The railroads which are using the present passenger depot as a Union station claim that they cannot give Alma a new depot at this time, it is said. The probable reason is that the railroads believe that they can get by and use the present structure by adding some box-like additions, and possibly sweep and mop out the station once or twice a year more than at present, thus making it more commodious, and much more sanitary by the additional sweeping and mopping.

That they will construct a new depot, when the present one cannot be longer made somewhere near adequate, is shown by the action of the Pere Marquette railroad with its old freight depot, which by the way was larger than the present depot. This freight depot became so inadequate to handle the freight business which the company was doing, that it was torn down and replaced by a far larger freight depot, so that the company could handle its rapidly increasing freight business.

Yet, the Pere Marquette does not propose to construct a new depot in order that it can better handle its passengers. No, there is a place where tickets can be purchased, and where its patrons can stand, inside in cold weather, if the crowd is not too large, or outside if necessary. After the needed tickets have been purchased, the railroad evidently not being liable for colds and various ills which may be secured at such a time, while it is liable for damaged freight, etc., and must have room in its freight depot to accommodate it.

By going thirty feet out into Prospect avenue with an addition, they would aid in making a dangerous crossing, and while a lease might make the railroad liable for damages in this case, there are some things for which money cannot pay—life and limb—which might be the toll of a dangerous crossing such as this surely would become.

It is understood that the railroad, not only contemplates the present addition, but if it secures this permission, contemplates the construction of another addition at the east end of the depot in another year, and in the meantime expects to improve the depot by a new heating plant.

Why not, in view of the inadequacy and unsanitary condition of the present structure, the addition of a few thousand dollars to the cost of these contemplated pieces of patch-work, to be used in the construction of a new depot, which would not only be a source of satisfaction to Alma, but to the railroads as well?

That the Henry Ford millions, and the entire democratic administration is determined that Truman H. Newberry shall be defeated if possible, is indicated by the following from the city of Grand Rapids, dated Tuesday:

"Henry Ford and the Democratic administration of the United States government will fight to the bitter end to prevent Truman H. Newberry, republican United States senator-elect, from taking his seat in the next session. Both the private means of Henry Ford, or his friends, and the department of justice of the United States are being used without stint, without care of expense, and apparently without limit as to the actual powers of the government to bring about the ultimate defeat of Mr. Newberry, and thus balk the will of a majority of the people of Michigan as expressed at the last election. The department of justice has gone to the extent of using the American Protective League machinery. In Grand Rapids, J. H. Cogger, special agent for the department of justice, took over Herman Rhode, a uniformed police officer of the city of Grand Rapids, paid out of the city treasury, and without the knowledge of the police department, employed him in the effort to dig out suspected cases of irregularity.

For three years the country has paid the expenses of a "bureau" at Washington which has been styled "The Committee on Public Information." Its chief function has been to disseminate partisan propaganda. It is now about to transfer its activities across the water. It is estimated that the expense to the government of the party of employees of the Committee on Public Information that sailed for Europe will be about \$500 per day. The duration of the expedition's existence cannot be foretold. It was announced by a member of the delegation on sailing that the party would constitute "The United States Official Press Mission to the Peace Conference," said that it would

keep up a world-wide propaganda "to disseminate American accomplishments and ideas." It is said of the advertising done by the European agents of the Creel bureau up to this time has been devoted to exploitation of President Wilson and his views.

The new congress that comes into existence on the 4th of next March should unceremoniously kick this Creel bureau out. It is about as necessary to the welfare of the country as would be an additional tail to a dog.

Now that the war is over and the state and government are agitating the good roads proposition, it is time for the people of Grand Rapids to wake up and get their share and do something for old Grand Rapids. This is a matter Alma business men should take up, and do it at once, as the roads out of Alma are a disgrace to any wide-awake city. There is not a business man in Alma but who recognizes this fact and is ready to go in to his pocket and do his share, but the city lacks an organization or someone to take the lead. The question now is, how can this be brought about? The Record makes this proposition: That the services of some good man be secured for thirty or sixty days, who will give it his time and work the matter up, get the boards of the several townships together and get in touch with the state highway commissioner and do something this coming season. The Record will lead the list with \$10 to create a fund to engage a suitable person to undertake this work. Who will be next? The business men of Alma are losing more trade, caused by the road conditions west of Alma, than in any other way, and still no effort is being made to rectify this cause. Is it not about time to wake up and get busy?

Stomach Trouble
"Before I used Chamberlain's Tablets I doctored a great deal for stomach trouble and felt nervous and tired all the time. These tablets helped me from the first, and inside of a week's time I had improved in every way," writes Mrs. L. A. Drinkard, Jefferson City, Mo.

TINKHAM WRITES

Letter to Father Tells of His Work with Army in France.

Private R. M. Tinkham has written a very interesting letter to his father, in which he tells many of his experiences in France. The letter was written to his father on "Dad's Day."

R. M. Tinkham will be remembered as a former high school student, and member of the football and base ball teams of two or three years ago. His letter follows:

Marcy, France.
Nov. 23, 1918

Dear Dad:
The Y. M. C. A. has started a campaign for all the fellows to write home to their dads, so I guess you will have to be the goat. The censorship is lifted for this letter and we can tell nearly anything we want to. First of all the Germans are liked, which is no news but somehow it seems good to tell about it anyway. Although we did not have any active part in doing the job we did our little bit with the rest of the S. O. S. (Service of Supplies).

When we first came to this place all there was to it was a few wooden buildings and one railroad track off the main line. There wasn't buildings enough at first so the first few weeks we slept in pup tents. If you never have seen one of these tents you can't appreciate sleeping in them.

In the summer time, as it was when we slept in them, they are quite comfortable except that you have to go outside to change your mind. Two fellows occupy them and there's about 20 feet of space to be equally divided up so after you get inside there's not much room to argue about. We got busy as soon as we got here and some of us started building our permanent camp and the rest of us started building our railroad. I was elected to help build the railroad.

It was the first time I ever worked in that line and if I have my right mind, it will be the last. Well, we worked hard continually for about a month and a half and we had finished the yard.

There is a west yard and an east yard of five tracks, each about a half a mile in length. Besides these, there is the yard in which the roundhouse is located, with a number of small tracks in it.

I was assigned to the car repair department and worked for that department about a month. The foreman decided that he needed a clerk for that department and I was appointed, and in that capacity I have worked ever since.

Our work has been important in the success of the American Army in the last offensive. When we arrived here the French were running the trains carrying our supplies and of course couldn't give it the attention, because they were also carrying their own supplies. There were about two train loads of American supplies going up every day under the French but after we took the transporting of supplies over, it steadily increased until now. Our average for the past two weeks has been about twenty-five trains a day. This happened in four months, so you can see we have made quite a record.

I suppose we will remain here to supply the American Army as long as there is a force of any size kept here. They may take some of the railway transportation troops back though, as the traffic is bound to be lighter than it was. I surely hope we will be one of those.

We have a comfortable camp on a small hill near the railroad yards. They make improvements every day until it is almost like the camps at home. Just the other day they completed a set of shower baths. They were nearly all home made but they serve the purpose as well as any I ever saw.

We have a regimental mess hall, where we all eat our slum (which is a army term for beef stew). We have a Y. M. C. A. just a step from

the barracks and we are pretty well taken care of.

That is about all of interest about our work. I am very sorry about your accident but I am glad that it was no worse than it was. I wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,
Your son,
Ralph.

Pvt. R. M. Tinkham, Co. B, 39 R. T. C., A. P. O. 772, A. E. F.

HAROLD REDMAN WRITES

INTERESTING LETTER

(Continued from page one)

at Havre, France on Sunday the 11 of August just a little after dinner. We then hiked up hill to a camp and got our dinner at 5:30 p. m. Our next move was on August 13, thirty of us got in a freight car, 18 feet long and with our heavy packs, so you see we didn't have much room. We also had our food in there for a three days' trip. After riding in that condition for six hours we landed at Sancerre. Ill tell you we were a happy bunch when we got out of that car. Then we hiked about two miles to the little town of Menetrol, two miles from Sancerre. I received my first mail on August 20 and August 30 our company gave a show and it was also pay day.

September 5 we hiked all day with our heavy packs and in the rain, but we finally reached Les Aix on October 29 and landed in Sancerre at 2:15 p. m. where we expected to stay for about two weeks but orders came that we would leave the next morning early so we went to the depot where we waited all day and then went back to our barracks for the night. On November 1, 32 of us took the train with our packs and a four days' feed. The car was only 20 feet long, so we didn't have room enough to sit down. On November 3 at 3:00 a. m. we left the train and hiked up hill with our packs to the camp, arriving at 6:15. I saw Mr. Marthy there in the evening for the first time in France.

Nov. 6 I was transferred to the military police, and I like it fine so far. We left camp on November 9 and went to the little town of Grandreville between Toul and Nancy.

On the 18 a German airplane went over our little city, but it was shot by an anti-aircraft gun. The fellow jumped out with a parachute and came to the ground all safe and sound. I am enclosing a piece of the airplane. November 6 three of us went over to Toul but could not get in the city, there is a big stone wall all the way around it with only six roads leading in with a guard at each place. Some of the boys got in the day before but they soon found that they were out of luck.

Leaving on November 20, we march to Phoney and then to Sorey, where my old company is now located. Nine of us are stationed at a railroad center about two miles from Sorey. We have a dandy place here, had fried potatoes and toast for breakfast for the first time over here and we now have warm water to wash and shave with. We have seen the cook and made plans for a real Thanksgiving dinner, goose and pumpkin pie. We can buy the pumpkin at the canteen for 7 or 8 francs per can.

We are having fine weather here now but there was two months that it rained nearly every day. The people here are far behind the times, they use a two wheel cart on the farm for hauling grain, hay, etc. If they have heavy loads or have to carry a steep hill they hitch two or three horses, one in front of the other.

They have all dug wells with a windless and pump. Their freight cars are from 14 to 20 feet long and the wheels on them look like the front wheels of an army truck. They are fastened together with chains and have a bumper on each side. When fastening or unfastening the cars they have to duck under the bumper. The brakes are just a long lever on the side that is pulled down. The passenger cars are nearly as large as ours but most of them are open on the side, and they have from six to eight parts to them, these are called the third class cars.

The American money sure looks good to us, the money over here looks more like a wrapper off a soap box or baking powder can.

I have been getting lost of gum in my letters and it sure tasted good, but it has been ten days since I received any mail. Oh! yes I sold a stick of gum to a German prisoner so I have some German money also. Hoping that you are well and happy, I will close for this time with lots of love.
From Harold.

THE CHURCHES

Church of Christ
Pine St.

J. S. Raum, Minister.
10 a. m.—Bible school and distribution of gifts to the members of the school.

11 a. m.—Sermon.

6 p. m.—Y. P. S. C. E.

7 p. m.—Cantata rendered by the chorus, Mr. May, director.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

Presbyterian Church.
Rev. W. L. Gelston, Minister, 528 N. State street; phone 514.

The schedule of services for Sunday is as follows:

9 a. m.—Sunday school. Lesson: "Faith's Victories."—Heb. 11:8-22.

There are classes for young and old. All are invited.

11 a. m.—Morning worship.

A New Year's message is to be presented. A large attendance is desired.

6 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

Topic: "Happy New Year—Rules for It." The society is growing and has a welcome for all.

7 p. m.—Evening worship.

Theme: "Evening of Principle: What am I?"

On Thursday evening at 7:30 the regular prayer meeting will be held.

A hearty invitation to all is extended to each of these services.

Pledge yourself to save the utmost and to buy a definite amount of War Savings Stamps each month.

Smoke the best, Wagnias.—64-1f

Back-Door Methods

By Helen Gregg

(Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

"If you ever expect to make a go as a society editor," said the city editor, looking over the top of his horn spectacles and not taking the trouble to take the cigarette from the place where it adhered to his lower lip, "you've got to learn the back-door method. Get the dramatic editor to give you tickets for him shows that none of us want to see, and hand them out to the telephone operators in some of the swell hotels. In return, they will listen to conversations when the swell dames in their places call anyone up. Kid the ladies' maids in the dressing rooms when you go to charity balls, and get next to the hair-dressers and manicure girls that are employed by the society women who don't have their own maids. Of course, the big-bugs themselves won't take the trouble to talk to you, and there was an emphasis on the "you" that was very belittling to Clarice Daw, newly installed as society editor of the News World.

Sometimes, in spite of the city editor's judgment, the "big-bugs" did talk to Clarice. If they ever mentioned her at all to each other it was to speak of her as a "nice little thing." Very pretty though she was, she managed never to be striking when she attended society functions, and though more than one husband or son would gladly have talked to her instead of the more eligible women of their own set, Clarice knew too much to let them. She preferred the back-door method of getting news. If she were forced to consult the "big-bugs" at all, she had learned that the oldish women when approached with considerable but discreet flattery yielded up the facts she wanted to know better than anyone else. But Clarice had made the discovery that there is no one in the world that is so flattered by the attention of a young and pretty woman as an old woman, especially when that attention is accompanied by complete oblivion of the existence of that aging one's husband or son.

On the occasion of the big war benefit bazaar that was to be given out at Colonel James Drew's country estate late in the autumn, Clarice was urged to "do her darndest" by the city editor. He promised to give the event the most conspicuous position on the front page, of course, provided there was not another revolution in Russia or a cabinet minister did not resign or something of that sort. "It's to be the biggest social event of the season," he told her, "and, besides, there is a very good reason why we want to have Drew think the News World is the best sheet in town."

"Well, I'm sure there is every reason why he should," protested Clarice whose loyalty to the paper for which she worked was complete. Clarice circled hurriedly round the large drawing rooms where the various booths had been set up and then roamed through the protected gardens of the old estate and down linden lanes and through hemlock groves and in and out a Japanese garden, where the various money-raising schemes were established. She noted on the tinners' sheets of paper that she held in her hand the names of the various distinguished women whose faces had come to be very familiar to her. But, reflected Clarice, gowns wouldn't be enough for a first-page story. She wished that a fire might break out in a wing of the house or that someone would fall into the pool in the Japanese garden so that someone else might make a heroic rescue. But nothing like that happened. Then Clarice remembered the back-door method.

Sheltered in a grape arbor that ran at right angles from the hedge that bounded the kitchen yard was an elaborately set-up bar. Although, perforce, all the drinks there dispensed were of the soft variety, the bar was entirely attended by men, who stood smoking and shivering there in the arbor—apparently their sanctuary from too much femininity. Mayhap behind those bottles of ginger ale were some others not listed on the enormous, facetiously worded list of drinks that was fastened conspicuously over the impromptu bar. Clarice knew, of course, that interesting though such a revelation might be, it would never do to make the interest of her article depend on such information.

What did focus her attention was the presence of two hard-working men in white linen coats who mixed various concoctions with all the expertness of professionals. They were the only servants that Clarice had yet been able to discover. She knew that if she could get hold of one of the servants of the Drew household she could extract what information she wanted. She therefore sidled her way over towards the bar in the arbor taking care that none of the dowagers, whose patronage proved so valuable to her, should see her taking steps in the direction of the group where most every one's husband was standing.

She therefore approached the arbor from the kitchen side of the house and was not perceived. The younger of the two barkeeps saw her approach, and, with the intuitive knowledge of her disinclination to draw any nearer to the group of men, slipped to the other side of the hedge.

"I know you are very busy," she said. She realized at once that the man knew who she was and guessed her errand. But then most servants of the large establishments did know her and—perhaps because of the "bum theater tickets"—rather liked her. She had never, that she remembered, had any direct transaction with this one. "Is there anything doing here? I'm looking for a scoop for the News World—you know, something that none of the other papers have. How have your drinks been selling?"

The barkeep smiled knowingly and said: "Yes, madam," and "I'll see, madam." Then, cogitating for a moment, "I don't believe as 'ew the colonel wanted it to be published but the men here patronizing this bar—all strictly soft drinks, mind you—have pledged two million dollars among them to build a big American hospital in France. It's rather interesting as 'ow it is appened at a dry bar with all such men as J. P. Astorbilt and Lancaster Stevens a standing out and shivering here over their lemon pop. It's almost pathetic, Miss, isn't it?"

Clarice's eyes showed right away that she scented the germ for a sensational story. The amount of money alone was enough to put it on the first page—and then the grim humor of the chilly arbor and the lemon pop would add the touch of local color. "I could give you all the names of the men as are a-doin' it," suggested the barkeep gravely.

A shadow of doubt came over Margaret's face, and she fumbled the small sheets in the palm of her hand. "But if Colonel Drew isn't ready to have it announced," she faltered. "I don't think I could use it unless he consented."

The barkeep watched her narrowly. "Perhaps as 'ew I could get 'e consent," he said. "I didn't think a reporter of the News World would hesitate just on account o' not getting consent. It's gratifyin' new and then to find a paper that has such consideration."

"The News World is that kind of paper," said Clarice solemnly. So it was arranged between Clarice and the barkeep that she should return at the break-up of the bazaar and in the meantime he would see whether or not the colonel would consent to giving the news. She returned and received a favorable verdict which sent the color to her cheeks and the sparkle of success to her pretty eyes. She asked the barkeep whether she could have the big sign with the facelike list of drinks. She thought their artist could copy it for a cut to go with the story and because it was too unwieldy, the barkeep thought, for her to carry back to the office in the street car he arranged with one of the chauffeurs to let him take out one of the cars in which to motor her back to town. Yes, he, the barkeep—a butler in the house—knew how to manage a car, and when Clarice was quite sure that Colonel Drew wouldn't mind having him take the car she consented to go with him. To refuse might have hurt his feelings and after all why should she poor, ill-paid society reporter that was—be too proud to sit beside a butler of the establishment of Col. James Drew? She sincerely hoped that none of the approving dowagers would see her thus conducting herself.

The barkeep helped her out of the car and gave her the poster. And as he left her at the curbstones there was a look—an eager, grateful look—as she thanked him for his kindness to her—that made her feel that after all social distinctions were an absurdity. After all, thought she, as she was trying to collect her ideas to write the article that was to scoop the other papers and make for herself a name on the News World—why shouldn't she like a butler—it was a dog's life being a reporter. She was sick of the noises of the office. She wondered whether butlers who had wives were permitted to have them live with them on the estate. Perhaps they had snug little cottages. She had heard that Colonel Drew was very generous. Of one thing she was quite sure and that was that the butler would not forget her.

"So you got a good story, hey?" the city editor asked her. "I know by your expression. You look so happy about it. How'd it do it?"

"Back-door method of course," reported Clarice, as she arranged the paper in her typewriter.

It was two months later and there had been great excitement in the office of the News World. The paper had been bought by Col. James Drew—a consummation which had been devoutly wished by the editors for some time. A new society reporter had come and the city editor was giving her instructions.

"In general, I'd say the back-door method is it the best," he said. "But I don't know. Our last society reporter went right to headquarters. That's how she met Colonel Drew and made him fall in love with her. She told me at the time a barkeep gave her her story of the big bazaar, but bless my heart it was the colonel himself and he even brought her all the way to the office that first day, driving his own car. But then Clarice was a different sort from the ordinary. I always told her to go to headquarters. Anybody would want to talk to a girl like that."

Not in His Diet.
"Your office girl takes two hours for lunch and you take only 30 minutes."

"Yes."

"Why is that?"

"I guess it is because I can get along without a movie for dessert."

Evolution.

Said the almost-philosopher: "The fellow whose pop used to drive 25 miles to see a bullion ascension will heartlessly call his kids out of the street while they're watching an airplane."

Spasmatic German.
Because a fellow gets a reputation as a rouser is no indication that he is moving in high social circles.—Indianapolis Star.

Meritol Eczema Remedy

STOPS THAT ITCH
Just a few drops of that mild, soothing, cooling wash, Meritol Eczema Remedy, so highly recommended for Eczema, and the itching and burning is gone. Scientific investigations have taught us that eczema is positively a skin disease and curable through the skin alone. This remedy is applied direct to the skin. If you are afflicted with this distressing ailment we ask you to try it on our guarantee. A trial will convince you of its genuine merits. Price 50c for trial bottle. One dollar for large size.

Winslow Bros. Drug Store
"Where Service and Quality Meet"

Special Dinner for New Year's

THIS popular Cafe will put forth special effort on the menu for New Year's Dinner, and you will be assured that it is cooked right and served right according to our standard of correct cuisine.

This fact, coupled with the pleasant surroundings and congenial atmosphere, all will contribute to the pleasure of dining here that day.

Special service for Family and Guest Parties can be arranged for in advance.

The Paris Cafe

East Superior St., Alma, Mich.

Furs and Hides WANTED

We want all the FURS we can get and are prepared to give you an honest sort and highest prices for the same. Mink, Skunk, Fox, Muskrat, etc.

Also HIDES and all kinds of JUNK E. BERMAN & SONS

Union 167 Bell 275

Location: Old Montigel Foundry Building, North of Roller Mills



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